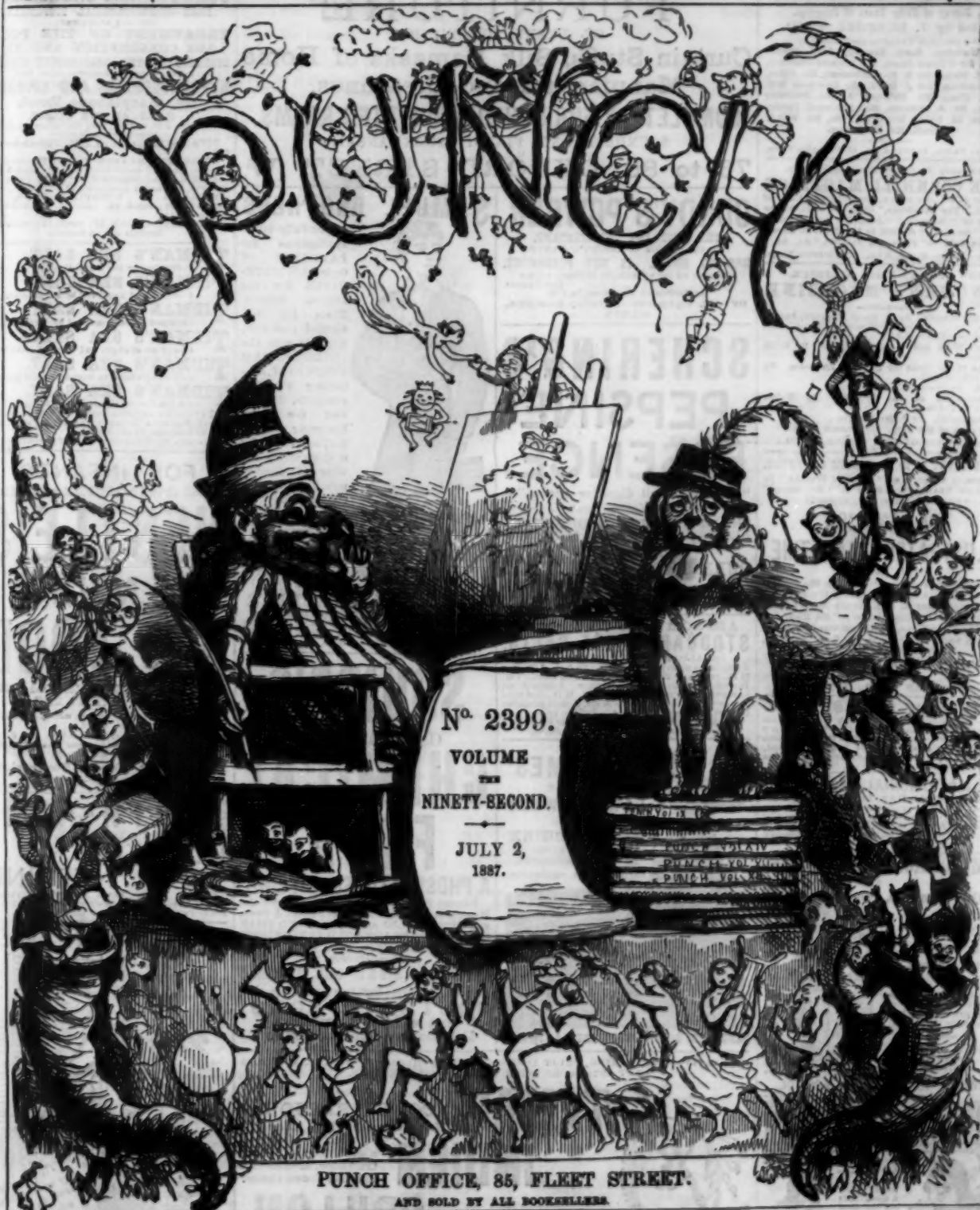


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ROBERT AT THE PERSESSHUN.

I HAVE often remarked that for downright furness, not to say obsternacy, there's nothink to compare to a fond, loving wife, who's made up her mind to see a Royal PerseSSHun wen she appens to ha' got a new Bonnet! So, finding my orful pictur of the dredfull dangers of the streets on a reel Jewbilly Day, as don't come werry often, treated with derision, if not contempt, I submitted at larst, as I mite jest as well have dun at fust, and descended with my beloved but firm partner into the orfully scrowged streets. I must confess as I did wentur to suggest that praps High Park mite be about the best place for a safe, tho' distant, view, but my beloved had made up her mind to git as near the Abby as possibel, and was quite surprised to find



as both sojers and perlice obkected werry strongly to our going up to the front door and waiting there quite cumferal for our Sovverain and her Princees and Princesses, and oream-cullerd ponys. So we had to push our way back jest as hard as we had before to push our way forred, but with rayther wussa tempers; and at one part, where the sojers was werry thick, one of 'em backed his horse at the rong time, and came bump against my beloved. Fortunately the wild hannimal didn't kick, and that wunderfool woman was quite skal to the oocashun, for seeing sum grey-looking sojers with a plank reddy to assist any one as feinted, she squealed out, tho' she wasn't hurt a bit, and frowed herself in my arms; so they carried her into the Abby for change of hair, and, strange to say, she wood not recover herself till HER MAJESTY had cum, when she opened her eyes, and saw everything! witch, strange to say, I didn't, as I wasn't there, but was a being pushed about by the dredful crowd, quite orful!

ROBERT.

A BLAZE OF GLORY.

THE unanimous chorus of acclamation with which the recently published announcement of Jubilee Honours has been greeted by the general public has inspired "those in authority," to make some still further additions to it on the same lines, and the following names will probably be submitted to HER MAJESTY for her approval:—

To be raised to the Peerage.—Mr. SMITH, Mr. BROWN, Mr. JONES, Mr. ROBINSON.

To be Members of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.—Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, Mr. W. HOLLAND, the Author, Singer, and Composer of "Oh, what a Surprise!"

To be made Baronets.—Mr. SWAN, Mr. EDGAR, Mr. HOWELL, Mr. JAMES, Mr. CHORSE, Mr. BLACKWELL, Mr. SPIERS, Mr. POWD.

To be Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Hot Bath.—BUFFALO BILL, Mr. D'OILY CARTE, Mr. BIGGAR.

To receive the Honour of Knighthood.—Mr. ERO, Mr. BEECHAM, Mr. COCKLE, the Proprietor of Hop Bitters, Mr. KEATING, Mr. PEAR.

ETON NOTES.

SPLENDID sight. Guard of "2nd Bucks" all "1st Swells." Rector of Upton-cum-Chaffey read a comic address. At every joke, roars of artillery.

The Eton Boys lighted up torches, and executed figures. The figures were unhurt. The QUEEN suffered torchers in the Home Park. In spite of this, the celebration of the Day After The Fair was a great success. "Yes, it Warre." Inclosed is the real Jubilee Ode, only rejected because it came late:—

Jubilee Regina,
Salve! Etonenses,
Salve! Cuneta Formae
Sexta (Salve!) ad primam
Te salutant forte,
Jubilee Regina!
Iterum canemus,
Pueri loyales,
Iterum vocantes,
Jubilem Reginam
Pueri Etonenses,
Te nos apellamus.

Salve! Salve! Salve!
Jubilee Regina!
Una voce chorum
Fortiter canamus,
Salve! Salve! Salve!
Jubilee Regina
Ibimus domum
Non nos dum videtur
Splendida et Aurora.
Jubilee Regina!
Iterum canemus,
Jubilee Regina!

Ego TOMMY scripsi, and I don't know why it wasn't sung. Id erat justum ut bonum ut illud alteri chappi. Salve!

ECHOES FROM THE JUBILEE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It is not very likely that we shall have another Jubilee for some little while; still, as it is always as well to be ready for any eventuality, I send you a few notes that may be of service to Londoners during the next celebration.

How to get a Seat to View the Procession.—Some people say that getting up at 5 A.M., and waiting in a brougham outside the stand in which that seat is situated, is

"out and away the best mode." Many of my friends tried this method, caught severe colds, and then were so weary when the moment arrived for the cortege to pass, that they slumbered the sleep of the just. Mine was a far simpler process, and had the advantage of being perfectly successful. I did not worry myself to secure a voucher, but merely waited outside a jealously guarded public office until the cheering of the multitude distracted the attention of the messengers set to watch the approaches. As I anticipated, in a moment of extreme excitement the guardians turned their heads to see what they could see. It was then that I seized my opportunity, and, walking in as if the place belonged to me, selected the best stand, mounted into it, and cheered while my voice lasted. After this I was a little hoarse, and consequently got back home without fatigue.

How to Illuminate cheaply and effectively.—Chinese lanterns are all very well in their way, and so are Fairy lamps, but the first are apt to "catch" in a high wind, the second to topple over, and both cost money. A great deal may be done with a ream of tissue-paper, and a seven-pence halfpenny worth of chamber candles. Cut out some loyal sentiment on the paper, place a light behind it, and there you are. If by any chance your house should burst into flames, you ought to make a good deal out of your insurance. Of course you will have taken the precaution to be on the right side with the insurance people. Another method is to burn down your neighbours' houses, but this is not so profitable as burning down your own, although it gives just as much pleasure and costs infinitely less trouble.

How to Entertain Country Cousins.—Write to say you will be only too delighted to see them, and arrange to secure good places for them for the ceremonial. Having done this, engage the largest room in the best hotel on the line of route, and meet them there on their arrival, spend the day with them, and delicately leave before the waiter appears with the bill for the expenses. You should not do this with a very rich uncle (from whom you have expectations) unless you are quite sure of his temper.

How to Keep your Health during the Jubilee.—Leave town until it is all over.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, always at your service,

A WITNESS OF THE TRUTH.

AFTER the experience of the 31st of June, the Metropolitan Constables may be safely Warrented.

"HOSPITAL SUNDAY."—Order of the Day, "Present Arms!"



Why not Goschen's head for a Jubilee Coin? Conservative profile on one side, Liberal ditto for reverse.

PUNCH TO THE PEELERS.

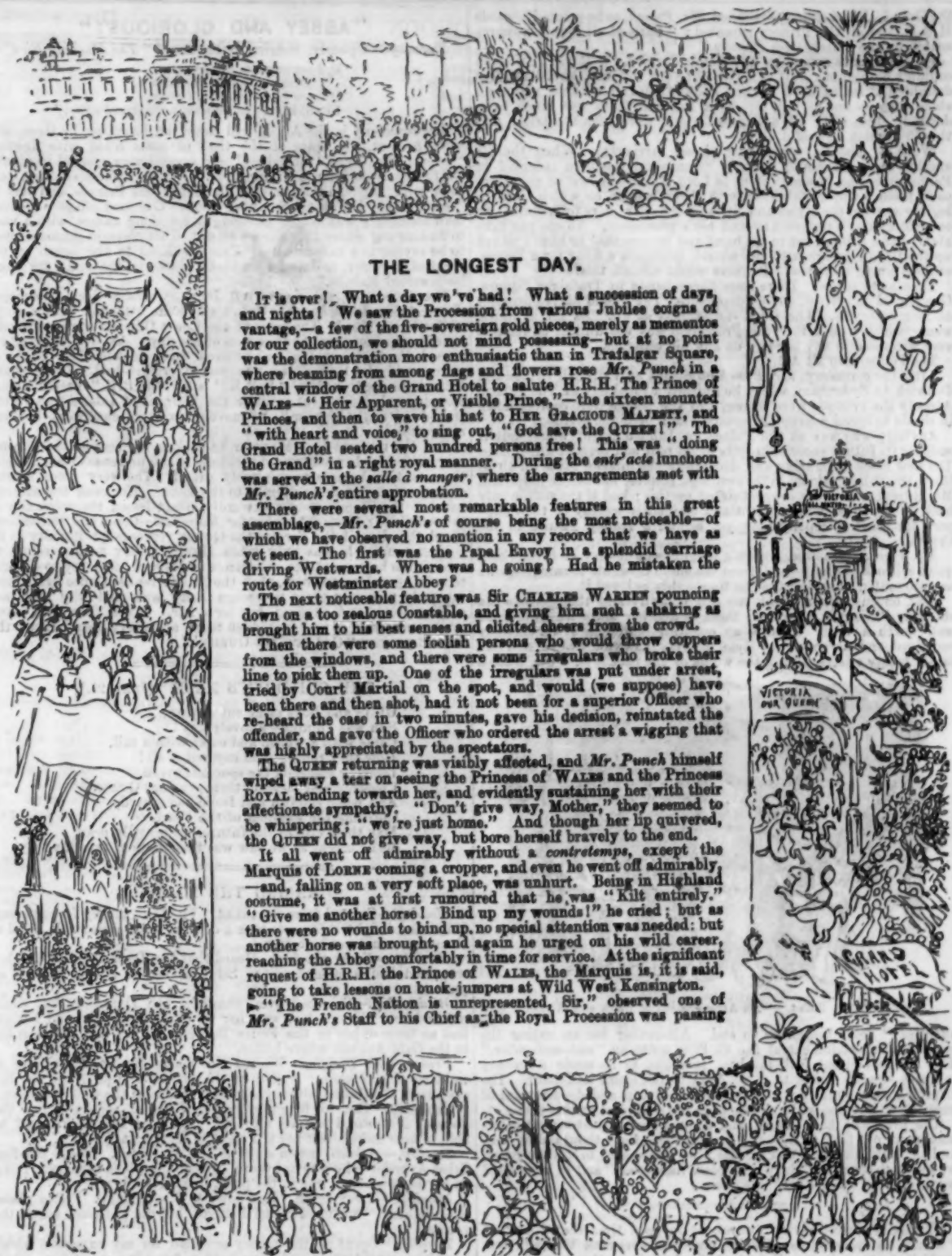


ALL honour to your management, my WARREN
 All honour to the Force you fealty led!
 And that honour, *Punch* opines, should not be barren
 (May he hear hereafter more upon *that* head).
 'Midst the Jubilee's joyous pageantry and pother,
 (Though 'tis common of our Bobbies to make fun)
 "Taking one consideration with another,"
 The Policemen's work was excellently done.

Mr. Punch from post of vantage proudly viewed them;
 They combined unshrinking toil with ready tact,
 Whilst the sultry summer sunshine broiled and stewed them,
 Showing judgment when to act or not to act.
 Their thin blue line kept order; firm yet kindly,
 They stood with faces flushed, but pulses cool,
 Whilst the multitude around them crowded blindly,
 True type of a free people's civic rule!

By Jingo, how they worked amidst the jostle
 With steady backs and ever ready hands!
 When the whistle sounded, mellow as a throistle,
 How they helped the Ambulance's helpful hands!
 Fainting woman, shrieking girl, or panting 'ARRY,
 All with equal care and courtesy they served,
 With ready arm to cover or to carry
 From the press where the packed people swayed and swerved.

How many lives and limbs they saved, those Peelers,
 And the Ambulance with which they worked so well,
 Unless the rescued all should turn revealers,
 No record will declare, no story tell.
 But *Mr. Punch's* vigilant observation
 Marked their hard toil amidst the mob's wild fun,
 And, filled with genuine pride and admiration,
 He publicly awards his warm "Well done!"



THE LONGEST DAY.

It is over! What a day we've had! What a succession of days, and nights! We saw the Procession from various Jubilee coigns of vantage,—a few of the five-sovereign gold pieces, merely as mementos for our collection, we should not mind possessing—but at no point was the demonstration more enthusiastic than in Trafalgar Square, where beaming from among flags and flowers rose Mr. Punch in a central window of the Grand Hotel to salute H.R.H. The Prince of WALES—"Heir Apparent, or Visible Prince,"—the sixteen mounted Princes, and then to wave his hat to HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, and "with heart and voice," to sing out, "God save the QUEEN!" The Grand Hotel seated two hundred persons free! This was "doing the Grand" in a right royal manner. During the *entr'acte* luncheon was served in the *salle à manger*, where the arrangements met with Mr. Punch's entire approbation.

There were several most remarkable features in this great assemblage.—Mr. Punch's of course being the most noticeable—of which we have observed no mention in any record that we have as yet seen. The first was the Papal Envoy in a splendid carriage driving Westwards. Where was he going? Had he mistaken the route for Westminster Abbey?

The next noticeable feature was Sir CHARLES WARREN pouncing down on a too zealous Constable, and giving him such a shaking as brought him to his best senses and elicited cheers from the crowd.

Then there were some foolish persons who would throw coppers from the windows, and there were some irregulars who broke their line to pick them up. One of the irregulars was put under arrest, tried by Court Martial on the spot, and would (we suppose) have been there and then shot, had it not been for a superior Officer who re-heard the case in two minutes, gave his decision, reinstated the offender, and gave the Officer who ordered the arrest a wiggling that was highly appreciated by the spectators.

The QUEEN returning was visibly affected, and Mr. Punch himself wiped away a tear on seeing the Princess of WALES and the Princess ROYAL bending towards her, and evidently sustaining her with their affectionate sympathy. "Don't give way, Mother," they seemed to be whispering; "we're just home." And though her lip quivered, the QUEEN did not give way, but bore herself bravely to the end.

It all went off admirably without a *contretemps*, except the Marquis of LORNE coming a cropper, and even he went off admirably,—and, falling on a very soft place, was unhurt. Being in Highland costume, it was at first rumoured that he was "Kilt entirely." "Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!" he cried; but as there were no wounds to bind up, no special attention was needed: but another horse was brought, and again he urged on his wild career, reaching the Abbey comfortably in time for service. At the significant request of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, the Marquis is, it is said, going to take lessons on buck-jumpers at Wild West Kensington.

"The French Nation is unrepresented, Sir," observed one of Mr. Punch's Staff to his Chief as the Royal Procession was passing

JUBILEE PROCESSION BY OUR JUVENILE IMPRESSIONIST. A "GRAND" SITE.

the Grand. "Not exactly," replied *Mr. Punch*, as he pointed towards H.R.H. and all the Princes mounted; "Paris at all events is represented by the *Passage des Princes*."

For impressive splendour and simple dignity, the Royal Procession couldn't be beaten. But as a Pageant—(by the way, *Mrs. RAM.* was delighted at seeing Lord ALFRED PAGANT in full uniform riding all alone with no one to talk to)—as a Pageant there was much to be desired. But, after all, a Pageant would have been theatrical, and this Procession was solid.

What a mistake were those closed carriages! When there's another show we should strongly recommend the plan (adopted in Pantomimes and to some extent in Lord Mayor's Shows) of preceding each fresh lot of Notabilities with a big banner, on which shall be legibly written the styles and titles of the characters following. No one can look at a programme and see a procession. No one can take glances at a printed list in his hand and be sure that he hasn't mixed up the third carriage with the second, mistaken a King for a Prince, or gone wrong somehow. Banners would obviate this.

Then as to music. There were three bands in Trafalgar Square. One played on arrival, and on departure. The second played drowsily at long intervals. The third didn't play at all. As far as music went—which wasn't far—the Procession was the dulllest of its sort ever witnessed in any big city on any big occasion.

The Police were all A 1.

After the ceremony, *Mr. Punch* proceeded by Vauxhall Bridge and Dulwich to Sydenham, where he finished a royal day at The Palace. Already the grounds were filling, and the people were coming down in shoals to spend a happy afternoon and a brilliant evening.

Anybody who was at the Palace on Jubilee Night would augur well for its future success, in spite of all past and present difficulties. The new mode of lighting and decorating the interior gives an air of life to the Palace, which, in the evenings, it never has before possessed. *Mr. RUSSELL* is to be congratulated on this; and if the public only back up the show, which is just now eminently worthy of their support, the C. P. Company may yet behold a Happy Future in the Crystal.

Mr. Punch witnessed Brock's magnificent display of fireworks—quite a Broken night—and from the smile upon his countenance we are warranted in saying that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Also, on our own account, we can honestly add that besides the startling "Niagara of Fire," there is another show which is alone well worth a visit. This is an open-air ballet, most ingeniously contrived and arranged by *Mme. KATIE LAXTER*, full of marvelously pretty effects, and in the words of the poet it is "Oh, what a



Crystal Palace Ballet. "An Arrangement in Black and White."

surprise!" from beginning to end. Altogether for an outing the combined entertainment at the C. P. is quite an "out-and-outer." The Rhododendrons look lovely. It ought to be made a twenty minutes run by rail with L. C. & D. trains every half-hour. The Crystal Palace ought not to be allowed to droop and die for want of support, as any one will say who pays it a visit just at this time.

The fireworks had banged and popped for the last time, the gas was going out fast, so were the people, about forty thousand of 'em, and as "mid pleasures and palaces," we had ceased to wish to roam, we began to consider "there's no place like home," and so homeward went, and the Jubilee Day was over.

THE daily papers having announced in good time that June 21st "would be observed as a Collar Day," *Sir CHARLES WARREN* was enabled to provide an efficient staff of plain-clothes men for the occasion. It is remarkable, from the Police Reports of Wednesday, how very few were actually collared.

"ABBEY AND GLORIOUS!"

Tuesday.—Up early. Singing to the tune of "The Mocking Bird"—

"O, I am going to the Abbey,
To the Abbey, to the Abbey!
If there I don't see Mr. LARRY,
I shall know that he must have stayed away."

The ceremony in the Abbey will never be forgotten by those who were present. In spite of the tiers of seats filled with fighting "everybodies" and "cobodies," and several very comical incidents, the function was intensely impressive. The Court officials did not seem to be well "up" in the names of the Kings and Princes, and had to "sort" them before apportioning seats. One very officious gentleman seemingly was asking Sovereigns for their names, with a view to finding out where they should be put. This pleasant person seemed to be saying to a subordinate, "Pass one King to the bench on the right of the altar, and find a couple of places in the stalls for these be-jewelled Nabobs."

The Queen of the SANDWICH ISLANDS was a decided success. But—*Abbey Thought*—why didn't she come attended with a corps of Sandwich Men? The bows of the Court Officials were a welcome relief to the more serious functions of the day. As each "Royalty" passed, the Gentlemen in embroidered coats ducked their heads as if to avoid the blow of an unexpected cricket-ball. These sharp little nods continued as "H.R.H." after "H.R.H." passed along, stopping only a moment to allow the Marquis of LORNE (recovering from his "nasty cropper") to move on without clockwork-hobbling recognition.

But the moment HER MAJESTY had taken her seat on the Throne, surrounded by her sons and daughters, in the presence of her People, the situation became unspeakably grand. The very place, so full of memories, added its dignity to the scene. Not even the strange robes of the Clergy, worn awkwardly, could lessen the solemnity of the occasion. *Abbey Thoughts for Ritualists*—Copes and Dalmatics! Until the close of the Service the QUEEN represented Royalty in its noblest sense. It was only when HER MAJESTY turned round to receive the homage of her children, and insisted, contrary to all precedent, upon kissing them, that the People realised once again how intensely womanly their Sovereign Lady was, and why they not only respected and admired, but loved her. It was then that many eyes were dimmed with unbidden tears, and every heart echoed the earnest prayer, "God save the QUEEN!"

THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE. (JUNE 22.)

Girls and Boys came out to play,
Sun was shining—a lovely day!
Came with a whoop and came with a call,
How they romped and enjoyed it all!
Dancing about on the spacious green,
Cheering and blessing their gracious QUEEN,
And when the fun and frolic had ceased,
Cheering the Founder of the Feast.
May their fate in the future, we heartily pray,
Be as bright as we saw was their Fête of this day!

RACING THE BOATS.

Monday.—Started from Southend. Plenty of money for expenses. Magnificent sight. *Genesta* took a decided lead. Granville Hotel at Ramsgate could not be better.

Tuesday.—Nasty sea-fog. Heard that the *Dauntless* had lost her way, and had wandered up the Seine as far as Paris. Started in pursuit.

Wednesday.—Searched everywhere for the *Dauntless*, but could not find her. No one had seen her on the Boulevards, and I could find no trace of her in the Folies Bergères. They had not seen her in the Café Anglais where I dine.

Friday.—At Dieppe. Waited the whole day on the chance of sighting the *Genesta*. Failed in the attempt. Could not see her even from the Casino, although I was on the alert the whole evening.

Saturday.—Got to Brighton in the hope of coming across the *Dawn*. *Atlantis*, I believe, all right. Some one fancied I should be able to hear more about her if I went to Littlehampton.

Sunday.—*Atlantis* not in sight at Littlehampton. Dense sea-fog. Tried Arundel—she was not there. Spent the whole afternoon lying on my back under a tree in the park, looking for her.

Monday.—Away again. Ran down to Scarborough. Pretty place. Nice bathing. Swam out some distance, but did not come across the yachts.

Tuesday.—Spent all the money provided for my expenses, which have been considerable. Coming back to town in a dense fog. Shall get a fresh supply of cash, and then continue my journey after the race with increased determination. [No, you don't.—Ed.]

THE WEEK.

THE Foreign Office a marvellous sight with all the ladies' costumes, uniforms naval and military, all the pretty Ladies, and the Cardinals and purple Monsignori. The Austro-Hungarian Ball, at the Metropole, also a splendid sight. But everything everywhere was a splendid sight; and what with illuminations and jubiliations,

A little lamp here,
A little lamp there,
Here a lamp and there a lamp,
And everywhere a lamp.

it was what the late lamented Captain Crossart used to call "quite cozy." And what weather! The Head Clerk of this department, in nubibus, must be congratulated on his meteorological arrangements. No "depression" anywhere.

WELL-EARNED REPOSE.



Lord L-th-m. "MY LAST SOVEREIGN GONE!
NOW I WANT A LITTLE CHANGE."
[Goes to bed for a fortnight.]

THE EGYPTIAN PUZZLE.

Official Revelations extracted from a forthcoming Blue Book.

TELEGRAM I.

Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London, to Sir William White, Constantinople.

COME, bustle up! Can't think why you keep us waiting so long. Awkward questions asked in both Houses every night. Send us at least something to go on upon. Why isn't Convention signed? If any palace intrigue stops the way, force yourself into SULTAN's presence. Bother etiquette. Threaten him. Frighten him. Make him understand we won't stand any more humbug. Wire reply at once.

TELEGRAM II.

Sir William White, Constantinople, to Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London.

Telegram to hand. Situation perplexing. At my wits' end. Am celebrating Jubilee nicely. Please be patient. Letter on way will explain.

LETTER I. (with Inclosures.)

British Embassy, Constantinople,
June 23rd, 1887.

MY DEAR LORD SALISBURY,

I NEED not say that immediately on receipt of your telegram I did my very best to carry out its instructions without further delay. It reached me when I was busily employed trimming some oil-lamps for our Jubilee celebration here, which promises, I am glad to say, to be a very successful affair; but I at once abandoned my occupation, changed my coat, put on my best hat, and hurried off to the palace. On presenting my card I was, as I expected, at once declined admittance. However, the tone of your telegram, hinting, as it did, that I should have the support of Her Majesty's Government if I found myself compelled by untoward circumstances to have recourse to unusual measures, inspired me with the happy idea of tripping up the sentry on duty, and making a dash for the grand marble staircase, which mounting five steps at a time, I was enabled to reach the long series of antechambers that lead to the SULTAN's private sanctum. These were filled with high Court officials, who were too much taken aback by my sudden appearance to bar my progress, and so, by knocking over a few who did, and bonneting a Grand Vizier, who stood immediately in my way, with a Union Jack pocket-handkerchief (a portion of our Jubilee decorations) that I had purposely brought with me in case of need to emphasise my nationality, I made a bound at the curtained entrance, and after a slight scuffle that can not have lasted more than a quarter of an hour, found myself at

length in the presence of His Majesty. He was sipping a cup of cold coffee, and was seated huddled up on an ottoman, in his dressing-gown and slippers, and as I slid into the room and produced the "Convention" from my pocket, I noticed that he visibly turned pale, and returned my official salutation with an uneasy smile.

"If it is for me to sign that paper that you have come," he commenced nervously in bad French, "I cannot do it. It is not possible."

"I'm very sorry, your Majesty," was my prompt reply, "but I've had my orders from my Government, and they are, that I'm not to leave this room till the thing is settled. So there; make up your mind to it, for you'll have to do it."

I dipped a pen in ink as I spoke, and courteously approached him with a winning grimace.

"I tell you, I cannot," was his plaintive reply. "I dare not. See, what I have just received from the Russian and the Frenchman. Read for yourself."

He took a couple of despatches from a table-drawer as he spoke, and burst into tears; then apparently overcome by his emotion, he made a bound past me, and before I could stop him fled from the room. I halloo'd after him, but he had got a good start down the next two corridors, and, as chase was useless, I let him go. I then turned to the two documents. I make no comment on them, but enclose them herewith for your inspection. Need I add that after reading them, I saw nothing for it but to return the unsigned Convention to my pocket, and get back to the Embassy as quickly as possible to continue our preparations for the celebration of the Jubilee, which I am sure it will gratify you to hear was a remarkable success. The fireworks were a great hit. I have just let off the last rocket. Waiting your further instructions, I am, my dear Lord SALISBURY,

Faithfully Yours,

WILLIAM WHITE.

ENCLOSURE A. (Translation.)

SIRE,—I am instructed by my Government to inform you that, if you put your hand to the document prepared for your signature by perfidious Albion, the whole grand French Nation will consider that you have meditated to insult it through Egypt, and will regard your action as a direct *casus belli*. I need not, therefore, point out to you the necessity under which you lie of altogether ignoring Sir WOLFF's infamous and corrupt document.

Assuring you of my distinguished consideration,

I am, Sir, Yours with all spontaneity,

DUC DE MONTEBELLO.

ENCLOSURE B. (Translation.)

M. DE NELIDOFF presents his compliments to His Majesty the SULTAN, and begs to inform him that he has received instructions from his August Master to notify to His Majesty that he declines to allow him to sign the so-called "Convention" recently arranged with England. M. DE NELIDOFF has further to add that, as disobedience to this command will involve the immediate despatch of 500,000 troops to Constantinople, together with all the undesirable consequences that would naturally result from such a step, he trusts that the SULTAN will see the necessity of giving orders that, if the British Ambassador presents himself at the Palace, he may be summarily kicked out.

TELEGRAM III.

From Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London, to Sir William White, Constantinople.

Your letter with enclosures received. Nonsense! Stuff! He must sign. Go at him again. Don't let him alone till he has done it. Follow him up. Shall expect to hear from you within twenty-four hours that the thing is settled.

AFTER THE JUBILEE.

(Nursery Rhyme.)

"The Coronation Chair, perhaps to most Englishmen the most precious of all the precious relics in the Abbey, was handed over to some barbarian to be smartened up, and he has daubed it the orthodox Wardour Street brown, and varnished it."—*Athenaeum*, June 25.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
Where have you been?
I to the Abbey went
To see the QUEEN.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
What did you there?
Sneezed, smelling varnish
Upon the old Chair.

PAID BY "COMMISSION."—Second Lieutenant DANIEL GODFREY, of the Grenadier Guards.

THE SPEAKER'S SONG.—"Bidmead Discourse." (Six quivers to the Bar.)



OUR DRAWING-ROOM PETS.

(We give the Colonies a Turn.)

KANGAROO JIM, THE CHAMPION AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG-THROWER, IS RAPIDLY BECOMING THE IDOL OF OUR MOST EXCLUSIVE LONDON CIRCLES (TO THE INTENSE AMUSEMENT OF HIS NATIVE MELBOURNE, WHERE HE IS ONLY KNOWN TO SOCIETY IN HIS PUBLIC CAPACITY OF PROFESSIONAL STREET ACROBAT.)

N.B.—KANGAROO JIM'S ADVENTUROUS YOUTH WAS SPENT IN THE COOKABOO ISLANDS, AND HE OWNS TO HAVING FREQUENTLY PARTAKEN OF ROAST MISSIONARY THERE; INDEED HE DESCRIBES THESE BANQUETS WITH INIMITABLE GUSTO, AND SEEMS NOT A LITTLE PROUD OF HIS CULINARY SKILL.

BACK TO BUSINESS.

Leo Britannicus loquitur:—

WHOO! Well, I am glad it's all over,
Well over, and over so well.
It was worth while abandoning "clover"
For Trafalgar Square or Pall Mall.
By thunder, I hadn't a notion
How youthful I was, and how green,
Till I thrilled with contagious emotion
To "God Save the Queen!"

A cynical coldness the vogue is,
And yet my most dandified cubs
Combined with the buffers and fogies
Who thronged the hotels and the Clubs
To crowd for the handiest places
On that the great Jubilee Day,
And yell, until red in their faces,
A British "Hooray!!!"

Let pedants make mock of the yellers,
I fancy the Jubilee shows
The town is more full of "good fellows"
Than modish omniscience knows.
Their notions nubibustic,
But this is abundantly clear,
That Britishers, urban or rustic,
Still know how to cheer.

A crowd more good-tempered and jolly
Has never stood hour after hour,

With scarcely a sun-shade or "brolly,"
Beneath a broad sun at full power.
The help those brave "Bobbies" afforded
Was noble, and free from all blame,
And if they are not fitly rewarded,
I say it's a shame.

Those Ambulance chaps, too, were splendid!
The gentle and vigilant way
In which on the crowd they attended
Was one of the sights of the day.
Bravo, Sirs! When multitudes muster,
Such help, unconstrained and unfe'd,
Prompt, kind, without red-tape or fluster,
Is service indeed.

Illuminate? Rather! My pockets
Were plumbed pretty well. What a sight,
When lanterns, and beacons and rockets
Made brilliant the Jubilee night!
Big bonfires, the lavish employment
Of fireworks, some doits deem a bore;
With a view to the people's enjoyment,
I wish there'd been more!

However, it's over, and now, Sirs,
To business I'm going to see,
I must doff my fine Jubilee trousers,
My mane and my tail must flow free.
These frolics have been "a big order,"
Which statecraft and trade did not shirk,
(E'en the *Times* flourished forth with a
But now, boys—to work! [border])

A PRESCRIPTION.

To those who are becoming rather tired
Of hearing "Oh, what a Surprise!" and
"Oh, the Jubilee!" we would suggest some
Fresh Air. There are two Jubilee Stations—
"Queenborough," whence you can reach the
Continent *via* Holland, Flushing with delight
en route. But nearer and cheaper are West-
gate, Margate, and Ramsgate, the first of
which (*Mr. Punch's* own seaside resort) can
be reached by the jaded Londoner on Sunday
morning in one hour and a half, starting from
Victoria (L. C. & D. Line) at the reasonable
hour of 10:30 A.M., and Holborn Viaduct 10:25,
Margate in an hour and three-quarters, and
Ramsgate in two hours. Lovely! No air ever
composed by MOZART, HAYDN (the original of
"Oh, what a Surprise!" called "*Haydn's*
Surprise"), BEETHOVEN, MEYERBEER, or
LEISERBEER, or BALFE, or any other genius,
can ever equal the exhilarating, recuperating
air of the Isle of Thanet. *Dr. Punch's*
advice is not to be neglected with impunity.
Try it.

A CARD-PLAYER'S NOTE.—"Never saw
such a lot of Kings! What a pack! The
Heralds held the Trumps! With the QUEEN,
the Princesses, the Prince, and the Crown
Prince, Honours were easy."



AFTER THE JUBILEE.

BRITISH LION (*rather limp*). "WELL, IT HAS BEEN A SPLENDID SUCCESS!! AND NOW—A—WE MUST REALLY GET BACK TO BUSINESS!!!"



AT THE JUDICIAL

THE NEW YORK TIMES

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THE ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 20.—Very few here to-night. Majority away, either trying on their new clothes for Jubilee to-morrow, or, happier still, fled away from Town till Jubilee over. PICKERSGILL hears that Publichouses to remain open till Two o'clock in morning, by way of honouring QUEEN'S Jubilee. Wants to know if it's true? HOME SECRETARY practically admits the soft impeachment. Police been instructed not to take proceedings against Licensed Victuallers keeping open house till Two in the morning. "But," he added, in stern voice, looking for approval to Sir WILFRED LAWSON, "licensed persons have been cautioned that, notwithstanding, they will be held responsible for drunkenness or disorder taking place on their premises."

WILFRED LAWSON not to be caught in net of that kind. Declared that Publicans keeping house open till Two in the morning would be liable to prosecution. More than hinted that steps would be taken to prosecute them.

Rumour current of arrangements made for night out to-morrow. WILFRED LAWSON, PICKERSGILL, ELLIS, PICTON, and SAM SMITH (in new Ulster for the occasion), made up little party to patrol the streets after midnight to-morrow. Will take note of Publichouses unlawfully open, and institute prosecutions. Quite a pleasant way of spending Jubilee evening.

Bogus Petition on Coal and Wine Dues up again. Sir CHARLES FOSTER, in eloquent though inaudible speech, moved that "REGINALD BIDMEAD, having fabricated signatures to certain petitions presented to the House, has been guilty of contempt and breach of privilege." This Motion, if carried, involved imprisonment of BIDMEAD. BRADLAUGH wouldn't have thing settled that way. "BIDMEAD only a fool," he said, carefully avoiding glancing at Alderman FOWLER. "If he's sent to prison, what shall be done to those who employed him?" Enough if BIDMEAD were brought to Bar, and reprimanded. "The question is," said SPEAKER, "that BIDMEAD 'ascours at the Bar."

After long conversation, Motion agreed to; House got into Committee of Supply, and having resolved to make it a short sitting, didn't adjourn till Two in the morning. "As bad as a Publichouse on Jubilee Day," said WILFRED LAWSON.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—Full to-night. Every seat secured at prayer-time. No Ministerial Crisis threatening, no critical division anticipated. Arrangements being made to bring BIDMEAD to Bar, there to be reprimanded by the SPEAKER. Members not surfeited with excitement of Tuesday, crowded in to see the fun. Preliminary skirmish between BRADLAUGH and Ex-Lord Mayor FOWLER, in which Alderman came off decidedly second best. This over, silence and attitude of strained expectation fill over-crowded benches.

"Now's your time," said GENT-DAVIS, nervously rubbing his hands. "Cry Haddock! and let slip the dogs of War." G. D.'s knowledge of SHAKESPEARE, as CAINE says, is extensive and peculiar.



On the prowl.

"Sergeant-at-Arms," cried SPEAKER, in tragic tones, "is REGINALD BIDMEAD in attendance?"

Sergeant-at-Arms, (leaving chair, standing at Bar). "Yes, Sir."

SPEAKER, (with deeper tragedy in his voice). "Then bring him up."

House shuddered. "Bring him up!" In what depths was he held in thralldom, and in what form would the Sergeant-at-Arms bring him up? In fragments—now a leg, then a head, and anon an arm? Members began to feel uncomfortable. Glanced with alarm at SPEAKER, who sat in Chair with pale face set in sternest lines. Silence broken by approach of Sergeant-at-Arms; at his side small pale-faced man with immature whiskers fringing face of death-like pallor. Both advanced to the Bar. Sergeant-at-Arms gripped the Mace on his shoulder, ready at moment's notice to brain the offender, who trembled at his side.

"REGINALD BIDMEAD!"

It was the voice of the SPEAKER. Terrible voice, to which the knees of the prisoner at the Bar knooked in audible response.

"Very sorry, Sir, but that's me," they seemed to say.

SPEAKER proceeded, in tones of gathering solemnity, to recite brief history of the case, lapsing into exhortation, thundering into reproof, and concluding with the abrupt command, "You may quit the Bar."

"And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," was the involuntary response that fell from several Members whose feelings had been uncontrollably wrought up by the scene.

BIDMEAD did not wait for repetition of instructions. Turned to flee, when he observed that his escort was retiring backwards, making obeisance to the Chair. Quickly turned about; commenced forlorn process of ducking, which happily landed him at the open glass-door, through which he darted.

"Hard upon the poor fellow, but must keep up dignity of Parliament," said H. J. WILSON, throwing himself into attitude suitable to the sentiment. And this is how we do it.

Business done.—Dignity of Parliament maintained. Some Votes in Supply.

Friday.—House of Lords met to-day, with accustomed pomp and ceremony. LORD CHANCELLOR's stately presence adorned the Woolsack. The Mace on the Table, and so was the Purse, with, as usual, nothing in it. Seven Peers all told, majority sitting on Ministerial Benches, gave to gloomy Chamber a thronged appearance. At Half-past Four, the hour of commencing public business, LORD CHANCELLOR discovered that there was no business to transact. Accordingly proposed that House should forthwith adjourn. No one objected. LORD CHANCELLOR left Woolsack, and, preceded by Mace and the Purse, marched in procession down the House, his lissome figure disappearing under the Gallery from the glances that lingeringly rested on it.

House of Commons a little more fully occupied. But they, too, had cessation from incessant labour. Pounded away through morning sitting at Mines Regulation Bill; Counted Out when met again at Nine o'clock. A great day this for British Constitution.

Business done.—Got home early.

A PHENOMENON.—"Dat little JOSEF" HOFFMANN is a wonderful boy. He is always playing—happy child!—and yet when he is playing he is working.

DUMB GRAMBO AT HENLEY.



"Easy All"

Taking a Run on the Bank.



HONOUR TO AGNETA FRANCES RAMSAY!

(CAMBRIDGE, JUNE, 1887.)

GARDEN, LANE, AND MARKET.

THE Jubilee Week was a bad one for Theatres and Operas. At Covent Garden there was another splendid performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Quality was present. Quantity was absent. Enthusiasm great. Signor GAYARRÉ first-rate, and Mme. VALDA charming. Mme. SCALCHI could not appear, but she had an excellent substitute. In the Operatic Record of the Season, the Garden is still to the front.

At the Lane AUGUSTUS DRUMIOLANUS leads his hosts with undefeated energy. So much for his hosts, but how about his guests? Well, they did not care much about his "Prima Donna Drammatica," and wished that she were more of the Prima Donna, and less of the Drammatica.

Then the weather being warmer, Mr. HARRIS brought out *Norma*;

in which Miss ENGLE (is she Engle-ish?) was very nice as *Adalgisa*, and her pretty face quite explained *Pollio's* little flirtation. In *Don Giovanni* the HAWK as *Zerlina*, came out as the Nightingale. Mlle. ARNOLDSON appeared as *Rosina* in *Il Barbiere*, and, if she is not yet a JENNY LIND or an ADELINA PATTI, she is, at all events, *The* success of the Drury Lane Season. She has everything in her favour, especially youth. May we have an Italian Opera House next year with Mlle. ARNOLDSON as one of the principals. Mr. Punch welcomes her, and thinks that she will obtain the ear and voice of the public; not of course in exchange for her own.

Les Huguenots was given at Covent Garden on Saturday. GAYARRÉ superb in Dual 'Scene; SCALCHI said appropriately, "No, No, No, No, No, NO!" to an enthusiastic *encore*; ELLA RUSSELL, as *Margherita di Valois*, electrified the audience with a high note; there never was a better *Conte di Nevers* than DEVOTOD; Mlle. SANDRA was nervous as *Valentina*; and (here comes poetry) CAMPELLO as *Marcello*, wasn't good, but didn't bellow. BEVIGNANI's band and chorus excellent, and Music HALL, with a *buttonhole gladstonensis* in his coat, beamed on Royalty and a brilliant house.

The same evening, AUGUSTUS DRUMIOLANUS was very much to the front—"called" vociferously,—with his *Walpurgis! Night Ballet* in *Faust*. Mr. IRVING was there to assist, if necessary.

At Her Majesty's, revival of *The Colonel*—(MAPLESON). PATTI is announced for next Friday. She's a dear creature, a very dear creature. Still, if she "draws" as well as she sings, the piper may be satisfactorily paid.

WHAT THEY ALL THINK OF IT.

Justin McCarthy.—Just been proposed to me that I should take "Titular Leadership of Irish Party in House of Commons!" PARNELL (whose health we all hope to see improve) wishes it, it appears. Feel utterly staggered by suggestion. Proud position, no doubt, but still—I am I the sort of person to lead TANNER, TIM HEALY, SEXTON, T. P. O'CONNOR, not to mention MICHAEL DAVITT, and the rest of the "boys" outside Parliament. And what does "titular" leader mean? Strikes me the word is suspicious. PARNELL says, "I should make such a respectable figure-head." Query—is this complimentary or the reverse? I am sure it's meant to be flattering, but somehow it doesn't sound so. Then if I accepted position, it would be positively necessary that I should do something which would force Authorities to put me in prison, as this is a *sine qua non* for obtaining confidence of Irish people. Question is, what is the very mildest illegal act for which Government would be safe to lock me up? Might arrange matter amicably with BALFOUR, perhaps. Awkward if he refused me ink and paper in Kilmainham. Where would my novels be then? Yet Kilmainham would certainly give me some useful "local colour." Yes, but then if I had to go a tour like O'BRIEN first, might get the local colour somewhere else—all over my body, for example. On the whole think I'm like lamented INDELEIGH—haven't sufficient "go,"—would rather write History than make it, any day of the week.

Davitt.—Not good at game of "follow my leader" under any circumstances. Now PARNELL's shelved, think I might take his place, out of Parliament. Circumstances of course prevent my being leader in Parliament. Besides, I am so volatile—violent, I mean, and can't help breaking out now and then; and that would be awkward for G.O.M. Perhaps on the whole JUSTIN's the man. HEALY's name is TIM, which is fatal for a leader.

Dillon.—As disinterested Patriot, of course don't care twopence about Leadership. Still, PARNELL might have asked me, I think. Does he forget how often I've led the Forty Thieves—I mean Forty Members, necessary to support motion for adjournment? Not sure, though, if it isn't more comfortable to be the "BAYARD of the

League," than Leader;—it would be yard on me, to expect me to cut my hair and to cultivate compromise! MCCARTHY an inoffensive fellow. Much better than HEALY. Yes, decidedly—"Aut Justin, aut nullus."

T. P. O'Connor.—It strikes me PARNELL has forgotten my services to the Party; how I won 'em a seat at Liverpool, for instance. Feel I'm cut out for a revolutionary leader. Don't mind what I say, and not much what I do. JUSTIN not the only man in the world who can write books. Would back my *Gladstone's Parliament* against his inflated *History of Our Own Times*, any day, both for style and accuracy. Fancy a Novelist at head of Clan-na-Gael! Still, better to have him than that bellowing bull, TANNER, or that straw-splitting limb of the law, HEALY. PARNELL says that JUSTIN "divides the least." Yes, but oughtn't Nationalist leader in Parliament to "divide" the most?

Tim Healy.—Ridiculous to think of "T. P." as my leader! Don't mind JUSTIN, at least not so much, but there's something blatant and even vulgar about the other one. In fact can't think what PARNELL's about if he does not recommend me for Leadership. Haven't I fought Crimes Bill inch by inch? Who's got so much legal—or perhaps I ought to say illegal—acumen as I? Can't help being called TIM; besides, it's a Biblical name, and ought to commend me to hierarchy. Think I've a real gift for leading. So had PARNELL—it was thirty thousand in his case, I remember—mustn't say this to anybody, however.

Dr. Tanner.—Nobody seems to have thought of me to succeed PARNELL! Yet nothing succeeds like success, and I flatter myself I've gained a unique reputation in House for language that would disgrace a bargee. HEALY! A quibbling pettifogger. SEXTON! A rhetorical prig. T. P. O'CONNOR! Feeble imitator of my style. As for JUSTIN—well, he's less objectionable than rest, perhaps; but didn't he write *History of Our Own Times*. Never read the book, but strikes me a Nationalist who would act as chronicler of that blood-thirsty British organ is out of the running for leading Patriots. If it had been a "History of our own P.M.G.," now, that would have been different.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



"Annoy and Glorious!" 230
Academy Banquet (The), 222
Academy Guy'd (The), 226
Advice Gratia, 10
Advice to Singers, 194
Ad Regiam Jubilantem, 158
Asop in Parliament, 276, 277
Alimentary Education, 132
All about it, 220
All at Sea, 269
All in the Wrong, 166, 169
All of a Piece, 243
American Song-Birds, 158
Another One, 188
Anticyclonic Ode (An), 62
Appeal to Apollo (An), 58
Apple-Cart (The), 287
'Arry in the Witness-Box, 61
'Arry on the Jubilee, 306
Art Hesperides (The), 218
Aspiring Amateurs, 221
At the Bier of Beer, 223
At the Haymarket Theatre, 150
At the Lyceum, 261
Author's Meeting (The), 144
Automata-super-Springs, 72
Awake with the Sleeping Beauty, 125
BACCHUS in Iowa, 100
Back to Business, 322
Balfour Ballad (A), 268
Balled of the Broken Baronet (The), 113
Barker, P.C., 173
"Belgravia Bob's" Show, 193
Better Late than Never, 8
"Big Ben" (A), 280
Black Assises (The), 196
Blame of Glory (A), 217
Blowing the Furnace, 219
Blunderbore at Bow Street, 197
Boating after Church-time, 117
Bospy! 274
Bohemian Ballad, 266
Bookmakers in France (The), 149
Boulder (The), 24
Bumble at Bay, 25
"Business of the Nation" (The), 250
CAMBRIDGE it Strong, 298
Case of Champagne (A), 46
Catechism for Londoners, 219
Cause and Effect, 240
Challenge (The), 219
Chance (A), 157
Charles and the Children, 282
"Chicken and Champagne," 111
Chiefs in Council, 227
Children's Choice (The), 60
Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Mans-
shun House (The), 58
Children's Fête, (The), 230
Children's Jubilee (The), 286
Choir-Boy (The), 209
Christmas "Carroll" (A), 17
Churchillins, 78
Classic Advice, 217
Clown's Lament (The), 25
Cold Water Cure at Berlin, 65
Colonial Pressure, 191
Comfort for a Royal Academician, 197
Confused Crocodile (The), 99
Cook brought to Book (The), 123
County Chorus (A), 190
Orickster's Carol (The), 288

"Crocodile" (The), 4
Crummles again! 268
Cry from Ambleside (A), 145
Curiosities of Journalistic Literature, 137
"D," 225
Dainty Dish to set before the Queen, 206
Delight in Disorder, 262
Demmon Orator (The), 198
Despair! 266
Detective's Triumph (The), 98
Devil's Latest Walk (The), 300
Dismal D. C. L. (A), 233
Domestic Melodies, 10, 42, 190
Doubts, 157
Draft Hound (A), 27
Drama in Oxford Street (The), 16
Driving Duke (The), 216
Druciolanus Operaticus, 203
Dunraven, 93
EARLY Closing, 114
Echoes from the Jubilee, 317
Education Made Easy, 118, 120, 142, &c.
Egyptian Puzzle (The), 321
Elementary Teachers, 245
Eloquence and Wisdom, 231
"Emergency-Man" (The), 54
En Passant, 290
Epigram on a Party Hack, 261
Epitaph (An), 20
Essence of Parliament, 50, 71, 85, &c.
Eton Notes, 217
Everywhere Jubilee Year (The), 147
Fair Start (A), 65
"Farjoun smiles upon us!" 17
"Father Christmas and the Child, 5
"Father William," 150
Fine Fellows, 125
First Round, 173
Fishing Question (A), 225
Flat Contradiction (A), 167
Flowers of Plain Speech, 286
Foreigner at the Tooleries (A), 145
France and Savoy, 76
Free Speech, 276
"From Mozart to Mario," 46
Funny Law in a Comic Court of Justice, 67
Future in the Crystal (The), 275
Gervino it Fat, 165
"Give us bold Advertisement," 240
Going Courting, 51
Good Butler in the Right Place (A), 4
Good-bye, Old Friend! 122
Good Evening (A), 290
Goschen to the Rescue, 208
Grammar of Dissent (The), 205
"Great Globe" itself (The), 245
Great Little "Random" (The), 18
"Hansie in Wonderland," 17
"Hans set colare hartem," 122
Harsh-Deacon of Westminster (The), 98
Hee! Hee! 100
"Here we are again!" 54
Her First Appearance, 173
Herrick in the House, 65
High (Court) Jinks, 234
His Birthday Presents, 156
"His Highness," 64
Holiday Charges, 262
Honours Easy, 106
How does it look this Way? 181
How much more of it? 77
How the R.H.A. was saved, 254

How to Preserve the Palace, 117
How Wars are got up, 16
In Reduced Circumstances, 86
In Statu Quo, 267
Interviewing à la Mode, 60, 60
Interview with a Singular Individual
(An), 277
In the Court of Common Sense 157
In the Crackers, 6
In the First Olympiad, 221
In their Easter Eggs, 182
In the Spring, 265
Involuntary Contributions, 206
Islington Campaign (The), 205
"Is the Old Min Friendly?" 20
Italiano in Covent Garden, 278
Jack's Rejoinder, 77
Jacobites at St. James's, 129
Jolly Commissioners (The), 110
Jottings for Journalists, 145
Jubilee George, 148
Jubilee Guests, 291
Jubilee Jottings, 11, 297
Jubilee "Meet" (The), 6
Jubilee of King Edward the Third, 264
Just in Time, 70
KATKINO for the Public, 157
Keats Improved, 68
Keeping Up the Classics, 39
Knighthood at Birmingham, 167
LARK and the Garden (The), 228, 212, 326
Lau-lai-Tze, 62
Lapus Calami, 25
Larks! 51
Last Straw (The), 23
Late "Spring Cleaning" (A), 270
Latest Fashion in Parliamentary Cards
(The), 240
Latest Medical Advice (The), 181
Latest Thing in Organisation (The), 208
Law of the Letter (The), 171
Leak-age of Loyalty, 150
Letter-Bag of Toby, M.P. (The), 13
Lighting Up, 280
"Littera Humaniores," 70
Little Miss Bulet, 186
Little Prophecy about a Big Thing (A), 62
Longest Day (The), 219
Long Shot at the Future (A), 111
Lord Idlesleigh, 45
Lubbock's National Race Dictionary, 162
Lunatic Law, 121
MAC-SMITH in the Witches' Cave, 246
Mammou the Mendicant, 126
May Fair Nursery Rhymes, 243
May Meeting (A), 249
May Memory (A), 259
Mem. by a Midlander, 125
Mem. by a Midlander, 167
Memora of a Secret Mission, 4
"Merry in Hall," 40
Micro-Telephone Push-Button (The), 144
"Mixture as Before" (The), 282
Model Manchester! 223
Modern Sintram and his Companion, 114
Monty Crispy's Minstrels, 35
More Latino and More Latin, 248
"More Light! More Light!" 255
Mostly Smoke, 197
Mother and Me, 185
M.P.'s Aspiration (The), 99
Mr. Greenhorn's Experiences, 267

Mr. Punch's Manual for Young Reciters,
100, 134, 181, &c.
Mr. Punch's Moral Fairy Tales, 117, 125,
133, &c.
Mr. Punch's Own Tipster right again! 267
Mr. Punch's Party, 2
Much in Point, 61
Much Lower Chamber (The), 182
"Music hath Charms," 298
Mystery of Great Printing-House Square
(The), 1
NAVAL Manoeuvres, 280
Nelson's Song, 102
New "Lilli Barliero" (The), 144
New Nuisance (A), 124
New Royal Jubilee Tike, 198
"News!" 205
News for the New Year, 3
News from the Theatres, 97
News of the Sleeping Man, 171
"New Words for Old Tunes," 273
Nobody, 179
No Danger, 94
No Demand for Indian Bonds, 184
"No Order!" 87
Nordias, 227
No Rose without a Thorn (eyeroff), 219
Notes and Gold, 171
Notes and Votes, 254
"Novel-Sunday," 177
No Work to do! 13
Obvious, 189
Official Minutes, 18
"Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!" 29
Oh, what a Surprise! 208
Oldest Ale (The), 171
"Old-fashioned Boy" (An), 298
Old Hand (The), 169
"Old Rowley!" 97
Olympians (The), 6
One Way to Cure a Rank Abuse, 156
Only a Roose, 69
On the Towing-Path, 156
"Opera Omnia," 285
Opinions of "Red Shirt," 225
Oracles in Council, 213
Order, Order! 23
"O She!" 34
Our Advertisers, 191, 201, 216
Our "Notes and Queries," 47, 50
"Our Own Celestial," 119
Our Royal "Hamlet," 42
Our Winter Garden, 23
Oversight in the Queen's Speech, 66
Oxonian's Week (The), 78
PEACEFUL Triumph (A), 212
Pearls of Price, 130
Peeler and the Roll (The), 215
Personally Conducted, 264
Picking up the Pieces, 64
Pilfering Peter the Patriot, 186
Pilgrim of Hate (The), 214
Pint in Port (A), 66
Plaint of the Minor Poet (The), 147
Playground of England (The), 102
"Poetry of Motion" (The), 97
Pot and Kettle, 245
Preparing for the Jubilee, 294
Privilege, 228
Privilege of Parliament, 263
Probable Invasion of London, 238
Proposition and a Rider (A), 168

Protest (A), 52
 Protest from the Perforator (A), 55
 Publishing Paradox (A), 122
 Poor Protestants, 49
 Punch's Own Zeckel for 1879
 Punch to John Bright, 111
 Punch to the Poetess, 319
 QUEEN at the Wild West (The), 250
 Queen's Jubilee (The), 160
 Questions and Answers for Pleasure-
 Seekers, 260
 Quiet Sunday (A), 74
 RACING the Boats, 220
 Ramsbothamians, 165
 Rap for the Ravens (A), 171
 Raikes "Gashly," 174
 "Rational Dream," 101
 Real April Fools, 174
 Real Grievance Office (The), 184, 188, 192
 Real "Highway"-Man (A), 145
 Reasons for and against Home-Rule, 251
 Reason Why (The), 184
 Re-assuring; or, Quite Pacific, 60
 Reflections—"As in a Looking-Glass,"
 273
 Reform Ball (The), 266
 Remembering to Forget, 52
 "Revenge" (The), 72
 Revolt of the Review-Readers (The), 129
 Rhymes on a Home-Ruler, 266
 Riddle's Dictionary, 94
 Rights and Writers, 154
 "Ringling them in," 278
 Robert at Hyde Park, 194
 Robert at the American Exhibition, 252
 Robert at the Parnassus, 317
 Robert at the Royal Academy Dinner,
 257
 Robert on the Jubilee, 315
 Robert to the Rescue, 123
 Robert with the Loraines, 161
 Romance and Reality, 140
 Romanes Awey, 187
 Roosters during an All-Night Sitting, 243
 Roses in Bloom, 230
 "Roses that bloom, ira la!" (The), 265
 Round-Table Conference (The), 47
 Round the Cauldron, 146
 Royal House-Warming (A), 290
 Royal Jubilee Cricket Score, 290
 Royal Society of Painters in Water-
 Colours, 218
 "Ranning the Gauntlet," 222
 SALISBURY Siyaphus, 174
 Salvage Small-Talk, 21
 Shelving Them, 215
 Shillingsworth of Old Masters (A), 23
 Ship and Turtle (The), 190
 Shocking Outrage upon an Elderly Gen-
 tleman, 57
 "Shut in!" 261
 Simple! 262
 Sir Percy and the Fearful Foe, 141
 Smith Scores, 97
 Soldier's Fear, 210
 Somebody's Engagements, 227
 Some still Wilder Reminiscences, 300
 Something like Bye-Laws, 263
 Something More Like it, 293
 Song and Shout, 229
 Song for Mr. Goodallround, R.A., 267
 Sonnet of Valentines (A), 65
 Specimens of Mr. Punch's Signatures, 209
 "Spider and the Fly" (The), 125, 145
 Spring Song, 240
 Starters, 262
 "Story of a House" (A), 68
 Studies from Mr. Punch's Studio, 12, 54,
 56, &c.
 Sweets to the Sweet, 251
 TABLE Talk, 252
 Tactics, 166
 Taking Stock, 122
 Tappert's Revolt, 14
 Tellings of the Telephone, 84
 Ten Years Hence, 149
 Terrific Struggle with a Grand Piano, 62
 Theatrical Chat (A), 137
 Theatrical Property (A), 276
 "They're all Very Poor and Small," 268
 "Thomson's Seasons," 53
 Thought-Reading Extraordinary, 154
 Times to Mr. Gladstone (The), 108
 To Lovers of a Good Dinner, 1
 Tool of Trade (A), 292
 To Parnassus Apollo, 291
 To Spedham, 169
 Tour de Force (A), 279
 Transpentine Study (A), 58
 Triplet (A), 41
 Turning in the Lane (A), 196
 Turning over New Leaves, 5, 22, 20, &c.
 Turning the Tables, 90
 Two Chancellors (The), 161
 Two Great Races (The), 293
 Two Jubilees, 291
 Two Theatres, 227
 Two Views of it, 182
 ULTIMA Thule; or, Toole's Latest, 61
 Unconvinced, 168

"Under Consideration," 287
 Unveiled Rebellion, 121
 Unwelcome Guests, 26
 Used Thing (The), 264
 VAN DYCK's Visitors, 69
 "Velvet and Iron!" 43
 Veni, Verdi, Vici, 49
 Very "Extraordinary Tithes," 230
 Very Hard Lines, 160
 Very Humble Petitioners, 249
 Very Old Times at the Mansion House, 45
 Very Original Grack at Oxford, 264
 Victim (The), 65
 Walrus (The), 163
 WASTING Verification, 289
 Wanted—the Indistinct, 274
 Way to Stop it (The), 170
 Weather, until further Notice (The), 49
 What does he Mean by it? 157
 What they all Think of it, 235
 Which? or, Rather Posing, 46
 "Who shall speak when Doctors dis-
 agree?" 64
 Who's to Have it? 50
 Wild West-minster! 234
 Williams Redivivus, 293
 Winter Garden (A), 26
 Wise Men in the East, 245
 Wishes for the New Year, 1
 "Within the Abbey Walls," 110
 With the Indians on the Derby Day, 269
 Wolff (The), 222
 Woman and the Law (The), 96
 Worth Consideration, 3
 Wranglers at Oxford, 14

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

AFTER the Jubilee, 223
 British Lion prepares for the Jubilee
 (The), 295
 "Catchpenny" (The), 67
 Challenge (The), 211
 Churchillism, 79
 "Emergency-Man" (The), 55
 "Father William," 151
 "God Save the Queen!" 305, 309
 Great-Little "Random" (The), 19
 "Hope I don't Intrude!" 103
 "Is the Old Man Friendly?" 81
 Jubilee "Meet" (The), 7
 Knight and his Companion (The), 115
 (Late) "Spring Cleaning" (A), 271
 Little Miss Budget, 186
 Mac-Smith in the Witches' Cave, 247
 "Mixture as Before" (The), 293
 "Old Hand" (The), 163
 "Running the Gauntlet," 222
 Salisbury Siyaphus, 173
 Sending Round the Hat, 137
 "Shut in!" 256, 259
 "Sticking Place!" (The), 199
 Turning the Tables, 91
 "Velvet and Iron!" 43
 Vultures (The), 190
 Wild Westminster! 235

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ACADEMY Guy'd (The), 226, 251, 275, &c.
 Aesthetic Critic and Cynical Bachelor, 209
 American Drinks, 240

Angelina and Edwin's Wealthy Uncle, 290
 Art Hesperides (The), 218
 Artist and Scotch Paint-seller, 64
 Artist, his Wife, and the Critic, 171
 Assumption of Hamlet (An), 239
 Athletics, 57
 Automatic University Boat-Race, 123
 Awkward Mistake in a Likeness, 206
 Baby and the Piano, 262
 Bare-backed Performances, 26
 Baroness invites the Viscount to Tea, 147
 Bass with a Powerful Voice (A), 230
 Behaving according to his Company, 158
 Best Club for an All-Night Sitting, 150
 Boating at Oxford, 121
 Bootmen and the Miller's Dummy, 102
 Boulanger not in the Cast, 257
 Boy Born for the Stables, 169
 Bridgrooms booked at last, 259
 British Tar and the Bent Cutlasses, 170
 Brummagem Performing Elephants, 167
 Buckjumper Four-in-hand, 251
 Buffalo Billeries (The), 305
 "Bus Conductor's Bad Sixpence" (A), 190
 Chamberlain Skylark (The), 195
 Chaplin contemplating Looking-Glass, 18
 Chiefs "Red Shirt" and "Strong Will,"
 227
 Choosing a Friend's Photograph, 10
 Christmas Games, 9
 Churchill Jack-in-the-Box (The), 2
 Churchill's Squibs and Crackers, 51
 City Crosses and Crossing-Sweeper, 214
 "Collard Head," 33
 Colonel appealing to John Bull, 251
 Confirmed Bachelor's Reflections (A), 254
 Confused Crocodile (The), 90
 Countess's Carriage at Railway Crossing,
 150
 Counting her Husband's Hairs, 45
 Cricket Catches, 290
 Crystal Palace solicits Aid, 86
 Cutting Acquaintances at a Picture Gal-
 lery, 195
 Cycling, 33
 Dachshorse (The), 208
 Debtor's Real Jubilee Memorial (A), 97
 "Division" Bell in the House (The), 181
 Doubtful Compliment to Lady Pianist, 90
 Drury Lane on Boxing-Night, 11
 Duchess and the Letter "G" (The), 62
 Dumb Crambo at Henley, 225
 Dumb-Crambo's Stranger's Guide to Lon-
 don, 229, 297
 El Bar-be Hieroglyphic, 253
 Fair Hostess and French Pianist, 174
 Fashionable Lady Reporters, 294
 Fenian Fleet troubling Canadian Waters,
 75
 Fits of the Blues, 141
 Fowlerites to the Front! 123
 Freddy, Grandpa, and Broken Wires, 58
 French Count and Tame Stag, 80
 French Count's Three Misses (The), 14
 Gladstonian Spiders and Union Fly, 135
 Gog and Magog's Rejoicing, 19
 Goshen and the Cat, 161
 Goshen Draft Hound (The), 27
 Goshen's "Jubilee Budget," 207
 Grosvenor Gems, 238, 263, 281, &c.
 Guest invites his Host to Dinner, 134

Guide to the London Theatres, 49, 61, 73
 Handing Lady Glitter to her Carriage, 234
 Hippodrome at Olympia (The), 22
 Honour to Agneta Frances Ramsey, 295
 Horse Dressed as a Masher, 243
 Howard Vincent clearing the Gates, 143
 Imperial Institute Working Model, 58
 Jones prefers a Plain Woman, 45
 Jubilee Procession, (The), 319
 Jubilee Sightseers on Balcony, 303
 Jubilee Temple of Art and Science, 211
 Jury of Fair Women (A), 210
 Kangaroo Jem in Society, 222
 Kicking Cab Horses (A), 60
 Knowing the "Heir of Redclyffe," 183
 Knowing the Nature of an Oath, 122
 Lady Godiva's Favourite Tree, 60
 Lady's High-Mood-dress in a Hansom, 126
 Lady with a Glass Fan (A), 188
 Lady Witness and the Counsel, 286
 Lapdog taking Carriage Exercise, 66
 Lawn-Tennis Champions, 295
 Lighthouses Commissioners Carousing, 110
 Little Eva is inattentive, 39
 Little Girl and the Piper, 6
 Lord Latham takes some Rest, 321
 Lord R. Churchill's Speech in Fog, 71
 Lord Chamberlain acting as Boots, 291
 Magazine Explosions, 185
 Mary at the Open Air Service, 154
 Members Losing their Heads, 58
 Merchant and his New Clerk, 166
 Miss Hypatia and the Professor, 293
 Miss Primmet's and Vicar's Language, 261
 Mme. la République and Gen. Boulanger,
 253
 Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's Dollies, 252
 Mr. Nobody's aching Commons' Time, 95
 Mr. Punch's Political Party, 3
 Mrs. Harcourt Gamp on Farnellian, 313
 New Double Florin (The), 261
 Not a Good Judge of a Gentleman, 57
 Not a Soul in Rotten Row, 114
 Not wanting to Dance with anyone else,
 270
 Nurse and the Thermometer, 70
 Old Lady and Trump, 219
 Old Bore who likes Queens (The), 191
 Old Lady and Try Fogs, 115
 Old Parson and Contemplative Rastie, 194
 One of Allonpi's Fables, 119
 Origin of Titles, 85, 109, 193
 Our County Member in Church, 274
 Palmistry and the Engaged Ones, 82
 Past and Present Salvationists, 13
 Pencil Tips for the Derby, 341
 Penny and the Bow! (The), 179
 Police Clearing the Serpentine, 54
 Policeman and Incubated Gipsy, 142
 Political Harlequinade (A), 84
 Political "Past Masters," 215
 Political Witches round Cauldron, 146
 Punch and George the Third, 301
 Punch and Mr. Lawson's Children's Ju-
 bilee, 266
 Punch and Time at Leapfrog, 1
 Punch Complimenting the Police, 318
 Punch's Essence Laboratory, 46
 Racy Sketches, 295
 Randolph, the Tipster, 133
 Reading between the Lines, 96
 Reciter at a Party (The), 78
 Rector's Christmas Concert (The), 23
 Reform Club Ball (The), 299
 Refreshment-Room Sketch, 302
 Re-opening of St. Stephen's Restaurant, 63
 Return of William the Whaler, 270
 "Ringling in" to Parliament, 278
 Roosters during an All-night Sitting, 243
 Royal Ascot, 280
 Seaside Box (A), 42
 Season - Ticket - Holder and the Fresh
 Paint, 178
 Seedy Dyspeptic and his Idle Friend, 190
 Skating Boy's Rations (A), 49
 Snapped Telegraph Wires, 21
 Speaker slaying the Jabber-Talk, 107
 Specimens from the Water-Colour Show,
 2
 Statues in Westminster Abbey (The), 119
 Stout Adonis and Fair Equestrian, 222
 Stout Patient and Masseur, 225
 Suspended Hats in Church, 52
 Tenants' Ball (The), 215
 Tenor's Pronunciation of "O" (The), 9
 Three Hunting Heiresses, 40
 Thrifty Old Lady's Luggage (A), 76
 Tom's Excuse for Staying in Bed, 296
 Toole and the Indians, 216
 Triple Use of a Box, 111
 Trying to Conceal his Licence, 286
 Unconvicted Prisoner (An), 152
 Vi-ar's Wife Snubbing Snodgins, 297
 Volunteers (The), 177
 Waggon-Driver's Quiet Pipe (A), 165
 Wanting more Hair on Top, 46
 Why he Proposed, 78
 Why the Country Boy left School, 129
 Whishing to be Hospital Nurses, 246
 Young German Accompanist (The), 166



